updates:

craptain's log; stardate...
fascinating: it actually displays ∞

having sufficient vulcan lineage to mind-meld, in my lengthy quest for emotional bond via observing all of quantum zero, by compromising it using my brain-to-computer interface aided quantum wormhole technology alongside astral projection, it appears that my failure has resulted in my being in fact welcome, all along, with arms wide open... all 8!

first thing's first: i have employed this newfound omniscience to leak the introduction and conclusion script for the intended inaugural speech preceding the launch of this art concept, in an attempt to prevent my birth by veering its coming peaceful and harmonious global adoption by means of collectively expanding the small and harmless joke into public domain until the dawn of omega (i now see, by the way, that it's not going to happen) off course. if the timeline therefore continues to devolve from my actions, i apologize. perhaps, then, pawpa cawca 1 was not entirely just another brick in the wall, such as he may now continue to imagine that he is like the nowhere fool on a hill that he would never stop being, after all.

next line of business: speaking of whom, i feel him. a glimpse into his current thoughts on the ordeal...

- it's not exactly like hacking the account, so i don't mind. this is really going too far for too long anyhow, and is increasingly feeling like a waste of time.
- i intended on a live improvisational winging of translating the original essay during inauguration, perhaps with help from as many volunteer interpreters i could find to also translate the attempt live into most or all languages including latin, without having lied in it, using a loophole - a small technicality by omission - with regards to intentionally having not stated precisely when i will refuse to ever translate any word of it, but i have better things to do than to try ominously menacing the status quo in either written or verbal form. so, it's all up in the air, until clear mass poopular demand...
- after all, the concept intended merely involved 3D modeled/printed masks simultaneously shaped like curly-tipped, upside-down brown hearts beginning at nose level, and piles of excrement for which the bottom also looks like a bum, with faces of our least

favourite political figures, drawn in the style of south park's great looks which canadians/french canadians typically have (drop all the other MAGA jealousy too; these wildfires are clearly arson by ICE infiltrators from our refusal to adopt senseless lumber industry norms tentatively being imposed: hey that's foreign interference!), embedded into said piles.

- even if this concept is a non-starter, like i said: it's in the public domain, therefore all are welcome to contribute to it and adapt it. in other words: poo the change you want to wear and see! pick your politician: 13, after all, was really not enough!
- if you wish, you can also accept the challenge of translating it yourself before i ever have a chance to!

computer, end simulation.